### THE MOTHERLOOK.

"As one whom his mother comforteth."
—Isaiah 66:13.

You take the finest woman, with th' roses
in her cheeks,
An' all th' birds a-singin' in her voice
each time she speaks;
Her hair all black an' gleamin', or a glowin' mass o' gold—
An' still th' tale o' beauty isn't more th'n
half way told.
There ain't a word that tells it; all description it defies—
The motherlook that lingers in a happy
woman's eyes.

A woman's eyes will sparkle in her innocence an' fun,
Or snap a warnin' message to th' ones
she wants to shun.
In pleasure or in anger there is always
han'someness,
But still there is a beauty that was surely made to bless—
A beauty that grows sweeter an' that all
but glorifies—
Th' motherlook that some time comes
into a woman's eyes.

It ain't a smile, exactly—yet it's brimmin'
full o' joy,
An' meltin' into sunshine when she bends
above her boy
Or girl when it's a-sleepin', with its dreams
told in its face;
She smooths its hair, an' pets it as she lif's
it to its place.
It leads all th' expressions, whether grave,
or gay, or wise—
Th' motherlook that glimmers in a lovin'
woman's eyes.

There ain't a picture of it. If there was
they'd have to paint
A picture of a woman mostly angel an'
some saint,
An' make it still be human—an' they'd
have to blend the whole.
There ain't a picture of it, for no one can
paint a soul.
No one can paint the glory comin' straight
from paradise—
Th' motherlook that lingers in a happy
woman's eyes.
—Chicago Daily Tribune.

## Bearding a Lion

By
HARRY L. BAKER

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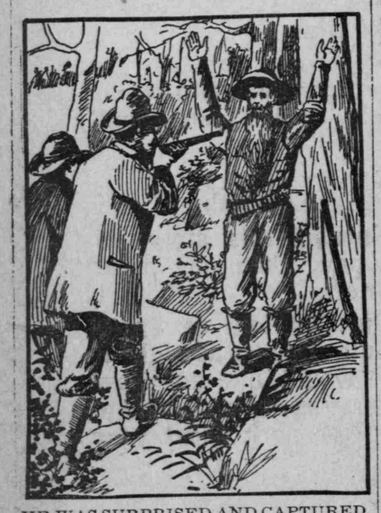
"THROW up your hands; up with them, I say, or I'll let daylight through you. There, you. Hold still now, till I put the darbies on him. And there you are, my fine bird; caught as quick as a wink, and you didn't get to use that cannon after all."

The man addressed only answered with an oath. He had been caught napping from behind as he cleaned his rifle. Hatfield was a moonshiner whose family before him had grown their corn and made their whisky uninterruptedly for years until the revenue law came into force and the hills of east Kentucky afterward were frequently stained with the blood of some limb of the law whose foolhardiness or sense of duty led him into the range of the moonshiner's rifle, or some equally unfortunate maker of illicit liquor, who was snuffed out by the steady aim of an officer's gun. And so they have fought each other year in and year out. Each, ever on the alert, fingers itching on triggers, eyes furtively peering at every tree, ears and nostrils distended at every sound. Verily the revenue laws have been the unhappy cause of many mountain tragedies. Hatfield had never been bothered, perhaps because he had more friends in standing, or maybe his reputation as a sure shot had engendered a wholesome dread in the hearts of the revenues, for he had sworn to kill on sight the first one he found prowling round his mountain domain. Be that as it may, on this day in October he had been surprised and captured, hands down, without firing a shot.

He bowed his head, his scraggy beard



HE WAS SURPRISED AND CAPTURED.

reaching half way to his waist. The picture of a long term in prison was before him. He looked over his hilly little farm, where he had eked out an existence ever since he had won pretty Jane Larkins for his wife 30 years ago. He could see the top of the little cabin built by his own hands from native oaks, rearing up over the crest of the hill, the smoke curling upward from the rear "chinked and dobbed" chimney. The sun was sinking behind Green Brier mountain, throwing a blood-red glow on the autumn foliage, and the haze of a mountain evening hung over the valley.

A tear trickled down his weathered cheek, but he brushed it aside and straightened up like a lion at bay.

Meanwhile the officers were preparing to return with their quary to the town below—and the prison.

He tried to speak, but the words stuck in his throat, and he could only gulp. Why had these strange men whom he had never harmed, or even met before, come to his happy little home, where he had lived, fearing God, with malice to none? He had to live—the price of corn was down, in fact there was no market for it. He could raise nothing else upon the barren soil. He grew his own corn, he made his own liquor from that corn and sold it; where was the harm? The mortgage on the little place would soon fall due, and he would be in prison and could not pay it. And the little, hard-working woman that he had called wife, what would she do? And the mounds under the big old trees over which he had raised rude crosses, where she had placed fresh flowers every day over the graves of her sons—their sons. Had they not been first to answer the call of McKinley for troops to back the nation in her fight for humnaity and vengeance for the Maine? They had marched boldly away to the little town at the foot of the hill and enlisted. And how proud he had been of them; his two boys; big fellows they were, each more than six feet tall, and mere boys. How he admired them in the common homespun clothing, their muscular, well-built frames looming up among the city fellows. And how he and Jane had gone all the way to Charleston, using up quite a little bit of their savings, just to see them as they embarked for Cuba. How he had found a place in a big doorway and they strained their eyes for the coming of the soldier boys. Away off down the street a band was playing, coming closer, and that tune, "Dixie," dear old "Dixie," that he had marched to 30 years ago, when the brothers of the south rose in defense of their rights and fought the soldiers of the north, only to be overpowered. And now they can see a blue line swinging down the street. The band has changed to "Yankee Doodle;" flags are flying, handkerchiefs are waving, the crowds are shouting, and directly he sees them, dressed in their uniforms, marching with the rest, and the little, wrinkled woman at his side had cried as they turned toward the little mountain hut that they called home. The first time since the boys were born that they had gone home without them.

He thought of it all now, and how, after weeks of anxious waiting for news, he received a letter saying that John was coming home. Not coming, but being sent, in a coffin with a ragged hole in his breast where a Spanish ball had vented its spite on the nation that came between it and its prey. How he again went to Charleston, this time sad and alone, and brought back the boy who had been his idol—dead. They had buried him under that tree, the mother had cried a little, new lines came to her face and she had ceased to sing. After awhile he got another letter from Bill. Bill said that he was discharged and coming home very ill. And how they had gone for the third time to Charleston to bring back their boy and nurse him to health, and when they reached the station a stranger with a beard, who looked like a doctor, took him to one side and told him that Bill had died on the train and was being brought home dead.

They had taken Bill and laid him to rest beside his brother, martyrs to their country's cause. And now that country for which he would have died, that country which he called home, had taken his boys, and was now stealing his liberty. Can it be wondered that a feeling of resentment surged over him and he clinched his teeth and his breath came fast and hot.

They started on their way to the town below. "No, you can't go there," was the reply given when he had asked to be allowed to say good-by to his wife. "Might have some of your crowd there, and we ain't particularly anxious to meet them." And they rode on and saw the dying rays of the autumn sun lighting on the little cross and then home was shut from view. He bowed his head to the inevitable and rode along in silence. Suddenly a shot rang sharp and clear, its echoes vibrating on the mountain side, and one of his captors bit the dust. Before the other could have time to act the unseen hand had again pressed the trigger and death had again found a victim waiting, and from behind a boulder the little woman appeared dragging the gun which the officers in their haste had left behind, still smoking. She came forward without speaking, freed his hands, and turned the horse loose to find its way back to the stable.

"Supper's most ready, Tom," she said, and they turned their faces homeward, leaving the stars shining down on two forms that would never move again. Away off in the distance a dog barked, a whip-poor-will plaintively called, and the moon showed over the hill tops, gilding the weather-beaten hut. From the windows a cheerful light shone; inside the old man and his wife ate their scanty meal in silence.

### FROM WHEAT FIELD TO OVEN.

**Several Loaves of Bread Are Ready Thirty Minutes After the Grain Is Cut.**

A loaf of bread, the result of a record-making experiment at Blockley, in Worcestershire, England, was recently exhibited in London.

At 8:30 one morning Messrs. Taylor & Sons, of the Sheaf House farm, started to cut a field of wheat. As fast as the sheaves were cut they were carried away to the granary and there thrashed and winnowed.

These operations took six and a half minutes. Thence the wheat was taken to the mill of J. H. Painton, and there ground and dressed in five and a half minutes. At the adjacent bakehouse the flour was made into dough and molded into cakes and loaves.

Seven small loaves were taken from the oven at nine o'clock—30 minutes from the time the wheat was standing uncut. The larger loaves were finished in 40 minutes.

One was sent to the king, and others presented to Lady Norwich and Lord Redesdale.

**Date of Columbus' Birth.**

A new book by Henry Vignaud, secretary of the United States embassy at Paris, seeking to establish the date of Columbus' birth, will soon be published. The work is a further development of Mr. Vignaud's Columbian researches. Hitherto the date of the birth of Columbus has been doubtful, varying from 1430 to 1458. Mr. Vignaud has gathered data leading to the conclusion that the great navigator was born in 1451. He was, consequently, a young man when he discovered America.